

## Heather Family Reunion.

The Heather family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hanson in Keene Thanksgiving day. A bounteous dinner was served at high noon at which 50 partook, many being absent on account of illness. Four generations were present. Mrs. Nicholas Mehney, her son-in-law, Clem Heather and daughter, Mrs. Jennie Scheidt and little daughter, Ione. Mrs. Mehney was a Heather before her marriage. They were present from Detroit, Belding, Greenville, Saranac, Cook's Corners and surrounding country. It was decided to hold the next meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Mehney in August, 1919, at Cook's Corners. Mrs. Joseph Hanson was elected president, Mrs. Alec McCullum, vice president, and Mary Ritterstorf, secretary.

SPANISH INFLUENZA  
MORE DEADLY  
THAN WAR

Said That Epidemic Cost More Lives Than American Loss in Battle—Danger Not Over—Great Care Necessary to Prevent Further Outbreak.

The appalling ravages of Spanish Influenza in this country are perhaps best realized by the statement recently made, that more deaths have resulted in little more than a month from this disease than through our whole 18 months participation in the battles of the European war.

Our greatest danger now, declare authorities, is the great American tendency to forget easily and to believe the peril is over. Competent authorities claim the coming of cold weather is very apt to bring a return of this disease and there should be no let up throughout the winter months of the following easily observed precautions, remembering that Influenza is far easier to prevent than cure.

Influenza is a crowd disease. Avoid crowds as much as possible. Influenza germs spread when ignorant or careless persons sneeze or cough without using a handkerchief. Cover up each cough or sneeze. Do not spit on the floor, sidewalk, in street cars or public places. Avoid the use of common drinking cups and roller towels in public places. Breathe some reliable germicidal and antiseptic air to destroy the germs that do find lodgment in your nose and throat.

Remember, no safer precaution against influenza can be employed in this manner than to get from the nearest drug store a complete Hyomei Outfit consisting of a bottle of the Pure Oil of Hyomei and a little vest pocket, hard rubber inhaler device, into which a few drops of the oil are poured. You should carry this inhaler about with you during the day and each half hour or so put it in your mouth and draw deep breaths of its pure, healing germ killing air into the passages of your nose, throat and lungs.

By destroying germs before they actually begin work in your blood, you may make yourself practically immune to infection. All these suggestions about Spanish Influenza are equally true in the prevention of colds, catarrh of nose and throat, bronchitis and even pneumonia. Don't become careless. Do your part. Keep the germs away. You may save yourself a serious illness and the loss of several weeks' work.—Adv.

LOCAL NURSE WHO  
IS NOW AT CAMP  
CUSTER, WRITES

INTERESTING MISSIVE FROM  
MISS EDNA NUMMER TELLS OF  
THE LIFE OF ARMY NURSE.

Sec'y. Byron F. Brown of the local board of commerce, is in receipt of the following letter, written by Miss Edna Nummer, a daughter of Mrs. O. A. Nummer, in which the nurse tells of the life at Camp Custer, as she saw and experienced it at the cantonment during the serious "flu" epidemic, which raged there:

Nov. 24, 1918.  
Dear Friends:  
Your letter came as a very pleasant surprise. I surely did enjoy it. It is a comfort to know that the home folks have not forgotten us and can spare the time to assure us of that fact.

Yes, I am quite myself again. This has been a happy day for me because I was allowed to go back to regular duty in the sick wards again, for the first time since I was taken sick. The work is not very hard and the corps men do the heaviest part of the work. We have about 250 nurses at present, many of whom are expecting to be sent across soon. Nurses are sent here from all over U. S. and those who want foreign service are sent from here to N. Y., where they are given more training and drilling while they are being equipped by the Red Cross.

We have 30 student nurses who will take two years of army training and one year in a civilian hospital. If needed they will be sent across before their training is completed. They have classes, lectures and work in the sick wards during the forenoon.

Army life is much easier than in civilian nursing. We have 7 hours a day for work in normal times. Night duty is 12 hours a day but we only have one month of it during a year.

You can see that army life is spoiling us. We don't want to go back to private duty.

You surely did have a big time celebrating there.

We had a very quiet time here. We can see but little effect of the end of the war. Every one at the Base hospital has just so much to do, regardless of the day.

We have a band here and it played with all its might played longer and louder than usual. The big guns and machine guns made an unusual amount of noise. We could feel them too by the rattling of the buildings. Across from the nurses' quarters in a patients' ward the soldier patients organized a band and played pretty good—that is they made a lot of noise and kept good lively time. They had a mouth organ, a tub and sticks for drum. They also had two large green garbage can covers to clap together. They had other instruments which I was unable to see but which produced much racket.

The soldiers from lower camp were allowed to march to Battle Creek on that day. I think about the most rejoicing was done that day because the quarantine was lifted for the first since the flu epidemic.

I inspected the electric potato peeler last evening. It will peel about one-half bushel at a time. The potatoes are put in, the power turned on and the potatoes are rapidly thrown around every way against the grate-

like sides, top and bottom (the bottom turns), while water is turned on and swish-swashed with them washing away the skins. The eyes are later removed by hand.

This is only in the nurses' quarters where I have seen the kitchen. I am going to try and see some of the others while here. Chickens come dressed by the barrel. We have awful appetites.

The soldiers do the cooking under the direction of a woman cook. They also do all the kitchen work and wait tables. It is surprising how far some of these boys get from their professional work when they get in the army.

The Base hospital Y bought 5 corn poppers and now they are trying to find some folks with big hearts, just like our Belding folks who had some popcorn which they would donate. Maybe you can locate some of them. The war is over but the camp will be busy for quite a while yet and of course the hospital will continue as before.

I have been asked to thank the people of Belding and vicinity who so quickly and generously responded to the call for clean cloths during the epidemic.

We had about 3,000 patients here and hundreds coming as fast as they could be conveyed and it seemed to us that it couldn't be worse "over there." We usually have between 400 and 500 patients. Haven't time to tell more about it but can say it is wonderful what can be done under military order.

We don't know how long we will be here nor where we will be sent from here yet.

Now I must close. With kindest regards to all, sincerely,

Edna B. Nummer, R. N., A. N. C.  
Base Hospital, Camp Custer.

about their ideas and plans. I was in the kitchen and saw the soldiers who were sent across before their training is completed. They have classes, lectures and work in the sick wards during the forenoon. Army life is much easier than in civilian nursing. We have 7 hours a day for work in normal times. Night duty is 12 hours a day but we only have one month of it during a year. You can see that army life is spoiling us. We don't want to go back to private duty. You surely did have a big time celebrating there. We had a very quiet time here. We can see but little effect of the end of the war. Every one at the Base hospital has just so much to do, regardless of the day. We have a band here and it played with all its might played longer and louder than usual. The big guns and machine guns made an unusual amount of noise. We could feel them too by the rattling of the buildings. Across from the nurses' quarters in a patients' ward the soldier patients organized a band and played pretty good—that is they made a lot of noise and kept good lively time. They had a mouth organ, a tub and sticks for drum. They also had two large green garbage can covers to clap together. They had other instruments which I was unable to see but which produced much racket. The soldiers from lower camp were allowed to march to Battle Creek on that day. I think about the most rejoicing was done that day because the quarantine was lifted for the first since the flu epidemic. I inspected the electric potato peeler last evening. It will peel about one-half bushel at a time. The potatoes are put in, the power turned on and the potatoes are rapidly thrown around every way against the grate-

Stomach Dead  
Man Still Lives

People who suffer from sour stomach, fermentation of food, distress after eating and indigestion, and seek relief in large chunks of artificial digestors, are killing their stomachs by inaction just as surely as the victim of morphine is deadening and injuring beyond repair every nerve in his body.

What the stomach of every sufferer from indigestion needs is a good prescription that will build up his stomach, put strength, energy and elasticity into it, and make it sturdy enough to digest a hearty meal without artificial aid.

The best prescription for indigestion ever written is sold by druggists everywhere and by Wortley & French and is rigidly guaranteed to build up the stomach and cure indigestion or money back.

This prescription is named Mi-o-na and is sold in small tablet form in large boxes for only a few cents. Remember the name, Mi-o-na stomach tablets. They never fail.

ANGELS APPEARED  
TO HOLD BACK  
GERMANS AT MONS

HEAVENLY AGENTS APPEARED  
BEFORE ADVANCING GERMANS  
AS ALLIES WERE BEING  
DRIVEN BACK.

John T. Noble, of James street, a former resident of England, some time ago brought into this office a copy of a small booklet, entitled "Real Angels at Mons", which contains matter of such an extraordinary nature that we know it will be interesting to all of our readers and we herewith reproduce the printed portions of the booklet. We are sorry that it is impossible for us to reproduce the diagrams and photos which the booklet is illustrated. The booklet is remarkable in the nature of its reading and also from the fact that it is one of only three such books which have ever been sent across the ocean to this country. The reading matter in part is as follows:

Real Angels at Mons.  
To readers of French and Flemish history and the beautiful story of the life of Joan of Arc, the foregoing, of course, will not seem as impossible as it will to those who absolutely refuse to believe in anything of this nature.

To the Glorious and the strengthening of the faith of those who read this, is given of what an honest man saw and experienced in the month of August, 1914, in the town of Mons in Belgium. His life has been changed by the solemn experience of seeing the Angels of God who were sent to help him and his comrades.

Pte. Easy was a Lincolnshire man, from Eastoft, near the borders of Yorkshire. He enlisted in the 1st Lincolnshires about four years before present war commenced and has served with his regiment in India. He hoped to be transferred to munition work (for by trade he was a moulder) and still to serve his king and country.

The writer of this booklet, Rev. A. A. Boddy, vicar of All Saints', Sunderland, has been acting chaplain to forces at Monkswearmouth. For a time he was a worker among soldiers in the war zone, for which he held a permit from the headquarters of the British Expeditionary force. In the camps in France, whilst going about his duties, he also sought to come across evidence as to the Angels who had appeared to help our men. He was successful in obtaining much cumulative evidence from soldiers and others. This appeared in the press. He was glad when he found out that at a British camp there was a man who would be a willing first hand witness to the appearance of the real Angel Helpers who stopped a German onrush in the streets of Mons.

The writer will now quote from his notes written in the train as he journeyed homeward.

I had asked Pte. Easy to obtain leave to come in from the camp, a walk of some miles, to meet me at the station.

When I alighted from the fast train there were a number of soldiers and officers on the platform.

At last I saw a tall soldier in a khaki overcoat. I found that he was rather deaf on the left side through shell fire. He had a good, honest face, which you could trust fully. It was just 1 o'clock and he had not had any dinner. So I said to him:

"We will look for a quiet place, where you can have some food and we can talk without interruption. It was a country town. We found a quiet upstairs room looking out into a churchyard.

I noticed the designs tattooed on my soldier friend's wrist and arms. "Yes, sir; that was done when I was with the 1st Battalion (Lincolns) in India." On his right arm a blue ship in full sail with the back ground of an anchor and on the left a snake chasing a monkey frog.

(In the reading room of a great museum the previous day I had been studying the town of Mons in Belgium. It contained about 29,000 inhabitants and had a fine cathedral and hotel de ville. The mans showed boulevards and streets. It is a compact town, perhaps a mile across.)

Now we will let Pte. Easy tell us of those two terrible days at Mons:

A Touching Incident.  
The first day we were in Mons there was a pathetic scene. We were retiring down a main street. With some others I was posted in a Belgian hostelry, whose windows projected, so that we could fire up the street. There was a very old grandmother trembling with fright and her very beautiful daughter or granddaughter kneeling near her chair trying to reassure her.

The German shells were hitting the great buildings and pieces would come falling down through the air causing damage. The word was passed round for us to retire. I was so sorry for the old lady I would have stayed if I dared, but I could not disobey orders. She stretched out her arms to us beseechingly. Of course I AND STREW knew what she was crying out to us but we had to leave her, and we retired down the street and out of Mons that day.

"We returned through the night, but the Germans soon had our range, and next day we were again retiring through Mons fighting a rearguard action." It was in another street now that the barricade was, and here it was that the angels defended Pte. Easy and his comrades. They had been left behind to hold the enemy as long as possible as their brigade had retired. They had a poor chance of life.

"They had made an overlapping barricade with trunks and stoves, etc., across the street. The house would be four stories high. They had a straight length of street before them towards the Germans and further back it turned round a bend.

A Miracle  
"Pte. J. Easy was about the center in the first line on the right hand side facing the approaching Germans and behind him a row of two firing between and over. The other section of the barricade was similarly manned. They could now see the oncoming flood of Germans in close formation. Among them some on horseback. Others would be on roofs or shooting from windows. There was a tremendous fire on both sides. The noise

was terrific. Suddenly all guns, large and small ceased on both sides as by magic. "What's up?" the men cried. "What is it?" They looked fearfully over the top of the barricade. Every one was stretching his neck and heads were raised right along the barricade. This is what they all saw Thirty yards away there were four or five beings larger than men. They had their faces towards the oncoming Germans, and each one had its arms stretched out horizontally from its shoulders, and was slowly moving them, with a sort of suggestion of "Now stop and go back. You must not come any further."

"What is it all?" men cried, and Pte. Easy quickly cried out, "They are angels." They seemed to float rather than stand. They were alike, white robed and bareheaded. The sun was shining quite brightly, as it was a sunny August afternoon.

"Just stop for a moment," I said to Private Easy. "Tell me, were they anything like this picture?" "Yes, a good deal like but they had no wings or swords and of course I could not see their faces as they had their backs to us."

"We went down the street at the double. Looked back once. They were there. Turning the bend, looked again—they were gone."

He said the men didn't like to talk much about it before the others. Some took a line they couldn't stand, viz: that of chaffing them about "Angels." It is a subject for jokes. So they preferred to keep silence. Something in these rough but true hearted men revolted against the thing being spoken lightly of. There are those who feel this still.

These men found the 9th Brigade early next morning to their own great astonishment. Their lieutenant, in charge of the machine gun had been killed and they had only N. C.'s. They had been a mixed set of men. Now they went to their own units again.

A Great Change in the Men.

"Tell me, what difference did it make?" I asked Pte. Easy. "The men were greatly impressed. No more swearing or bad words at that time. I've been a different man myself ever since and always intend to be. God had sent help and through it we escaped. We were thankful indeed."

On one occasion Pte. J. Easy caught sight of one of his comrades on that occasion. He cried, "Corporal, what did you think of the angels?" He replied, hurriedly, "They were splendid," but, being in the presence of others, he didn't seem to care to resume the topic. Pte. Easy found that the subject, till lately, was not an acceptable one, but now it is very different. The men just love to hear him tell the whole story and never flinch but sit round the fire spell-bound till it is ended.

Pte. Easy was officer's servant to a second lieutenant when the controversy commenced about a certain book. His officer said one day to him, "I've got a very serious question to ask of you, Easy. I have heard a lot of talk about the Angels of Mons—can you tell me whether it is really true or not?" Then Pte. Easy gave him the full story, and he said, "I think you should make it known."

We sat in an upper room that day over a confectioner's shop and through the windows we could see the church yard plainly. "You see that white cross yonder, sir?" said Pte. J. Easy. "Yes, it is now rather grey." "Well, the angels were no further from us than that cross and the sun was shining brightly on them and on everything else. We could make no mistake." Afterwards, as we walked a little along a quiet road, Pte. Easy drew his stick across the way the two lines of the barricade and showed me where he was firing, and where the men behind stood who were firing between the front set of men.

Rev. A. A. Broody.

## Obituary

Mary Elizabeth Christensen was born in Orleans township Aug. 24, 1894 and spent practically all her life there. She was educated in the district school and the Ionia county normal and was teaching the Fish school near Clarksville just previous to her death.

She was married July 28, 1917, to William Stebbins and soon after the two were baptised and united with the Saranac Methodist church. The young husband enlisted in the U. S. infantry and after his training in this country embarked for France, where he has been in service in the great war.

Mrs. Stebbins passed away Thursday, Dec. 5, 1918, after less than a week's illness. She has been called to a higher service.

The funeral was held Saturday afternoon in the M. E. church in Saranac, Rev. R. V. Birdsell of Orleans officiating and interment was made in the Saranac cemetery.

Read the Want Ads. Profit thereby.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## Young Wife Called.

The death of Mrs. Otto B. Stewart, of West Main street, took place at the City hospital Friday evening, December 6, at the age of 21 years following a short illness. The funeral was held from the Ballard-Libby chapel, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. P. Ray Norton officiating and burial in River Ridge cemetery. She is survived by her parents, three brothers, two sisters and a host of friends.

Do you know what "The Light in the Clearing" means?

Frail, Sickly Children  
Improve Rapidly on Vinol

The reason we so strongly recommend Vinol for frail, sickly children is because it is a non-secret remedy which contains Beef and Cod Liver Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates and Glycophosphates—but no oil—the very elements needed to build them up. It is delicious to the taste, and children love it.

## These Two Mothers Have Proved This.

Bainbridge, N.Y. Williamson, W. Va.  
"My little daughter, 13 years old, overworked and was run-down, tired all the time, nervous, had headaches, couldn't eat and had to stay out of school. Vinol has built her up. She has a good appetite, no more headaches and has returned to school again."—Mrs. Lester Andrews.  
"My little boy was weak, puny, and tired all the time, did not want to do anything. Vinol was recommended and it built up his strength and made him healthy. Now he romps and plays like other children. We certainly believe in Vinol for children."—Harley Clay.

## Vinol Creates Strength

Wortley & French

H. J. Connell

Think of Henry Smith  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

When you want flowers for any purpose

Largest and best equipped floral establishment in Western Michigan

Store on corner of Monroe and Division Aves.

Store Phones—  
Bell, 173  
Citizens, 5173

Farm Phones—  
Bell, 651  
Citizens, 6251

## Real Estate News

120 acre Farm in Montcalm township, good gravel road, 90 acres under plow, 30 acres timber, 35 acres seeded, 15 acres rye, 9 room house, new round roof barn 34x70, two silos, hog house, poultry house, wood house and work shop. Fine orchard, entire farm well fenced, good well and windmill.

This farm will be sold at a bargain but must move at once; part cash, balance to suit.

200 acres 4 miles from Belding in Otisco township; 2 sets buildings, excellent soil, very reasonable price, terms if desired.

35 acres on Ionia road, near Wood's Corners; new house, small barn; owner will sell at a very low price.

10 acres, 3 miles from Belding; good buildings, 1 horse, 1 cow, chickens, feed, hay, corn, tools, etc.

7 room House corner Pine and May streets; excellent condition; bath room complete with instantaneous water heating system. Price greatly reduced.

7 room House, east side Pine street, all hardwood finish, electric lights, gas, sewer; fine condition.

See Us For Bargains in Farm and City Property.

W. E. LITTLE

MANAGER REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT.

Phone 70 :-- Commercial Bank :-- Res. 301

Pere Marquette train time at Belding

Corrected June 24, 1918.

To Ionia and Detroit, 11:29 a. m.; To Greenville and Big Rapids, 6:40

4:32 p. m. To Greenville and Saginaw, 7:56 a. m.; To Lowell and Grand Rapids, 10:15

a. m.; 3:22 p. m.; 8:06 p. m.

\*Daily

Well Cooked  
Food

is one of the most essential factors in the development and maintenance of good health.

Good health is the foundation of happiness and success, hence its possession is the most to be desired of material things.

Approximately 80% of the illness of the Human Race is directly or indirectly traceable to improper eating. We either eat too much or too little, eat illy prepared food or not the right kind.

Inefficiency is the result and inefficiency means loss in one way or another—either position, money, health, or even life itself.

Probably good bread has contributed as much or more to the good health and prosperity of the Nation as any other one thing.

To have good bread you must use good flour, so buy

## Lily White

"The flour the best cooks use"

and be assured of thoroughly delicious, healthful, wholesome, nutritious bread.

Your dealer is authorized to refund the purchase price immediately if you are not completely satisfied with Lily White Flour in every respect, for every requirement of home use.

You will be delighted with LILY WHITE FLOUR, "The Flour the Best Cooks Use."

Our Domestic Science Department furnishes recipes and canning charts upon request and will aid you to solve any other kitchen problems you may have from time to time. Public demonstrations also arranged. Address your letters to our Domestic Science Department.

VALLEY CITY MILLING COMPANY  
Grand Rapids, Mich.